

The Book

Sheryl Crow

I read your book
And I find it strange
That I know that girl and I know her world
A little too well And I didn't know
By giving my hand
That I would be written down sliced around passed down
Among stranger's hands Three days in Rome
Where do we go
I'll always remember
Three days in Rome Never again
Would I see your face
You carry a pen and a paper and no time and no words you waste
Oh you're a voyeur The worst kind of thief
To take what happened to us
To write down everything that went on between you and me Three days in Rome
And I stand alone
I'll always remember
Three days in Rome And what do I get
Do I get revenge
While you lay it all out
Without any doubt Of how this would end
Sometimes it goes
Sometimes we come
To learn by mistake that the love you once made
Can't be undone Three days in Rome
I laid my heart out
I laid my soul down
I'll always remember Three days in Rome

Songwriters

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